

# A delectable new Ballad, Entitled *Leader-Haugh and Yarow.*

*To its own proper Tune.*

**W**hen Phoebus bright, the Azure-skies  
 with golden rays enlighteneth,  
 These things sublunary he espies;  
 Herbs, Trees, and Plants he quick'neth  
 Among all those he makes his choice  
 and gladly goes he thorow,  
 With radiant beams and silver streams  
 through Leader-Haugh and Yarow,  
 When Aries the day and night,  
 in equal length divideth;  
 Old frosty Saturnus the sight  
 no longer he abideth:  
 Then Flora Queen, with Mantle green  
 casts off her former sorrow,  
 And vows to dwell with Ceres fell  
 in Leader-Haugh and Yarow.  
 Pan Playing on his Oaten Reed,  
 with Shepherds him attending,  
 Doth here resort their flocks to feed,  
 the Hills and Haughs commending:  
 With bottle, bag, and staff with knag,  
 and all singing Good morrow,  
 They swear no Fields more pleasure yeelds  
 than Leader-Haugh and Yarow.  
 One house there stands on Leader side  
 surmounting my descrying:  
 With Ease-rooms fair, and windows fair  
 like Dædalus contriving:  
 Men passing by do often say  
 in South it has no marrow:  
 It stands as fair on Leader side  
 as New-wark does on Yarow.  
 A mile below, who list to ride,  
 they'll hear the Mavis singing.  
 Into St. Leonards bank she'll bide,  
 sweet Birks her head o'r-hinging:  
 The Linwhite loud, and Progne proud,  
 with tender throats and narrow,  
 Into St. Leonards bank do sing,  
 as sweetly as in Yarow.  
 The Lapwing lilteth o're the Lee,  
 with nibble wings she sporteth,  
 But vows she'll not come near the Tree,  
 where Philomel resorteth:  
 By break of day, the Lark can say,  
 I'll bid you all good morrow,  
 I'll yell and yell, for I may dwell  
 in Leader-Haugh and Yarow.  
 Park Wanton walls and Wooden cleugh,  
 the East and Wester Maltes,  
 The Forrest of Lawder's fair enough,  
 the Corns are good in Blanslies:  
 Where Oats are fine, and sold by kind,  
 that if ye search all thorow  
 Mearns, Buchan, Mar, none better are,  
 than Leader-Haugh and Yarow.  
 In Bura milne-bog, and Whitehead Shaws  
 the fearful Hare she hunteth,  
 Bridge-haugh and Broad wood-shiel she  
 to the Chapel-wood frequenteth (knows  
 Yet when she licks, to Kaimlie birks,  
 she runs and sighs for sorrow,  
 That she should leave sweet Leader-haugh  
 and cannot win to Yarow.

What sweeter Musick would you hear,  
 then hounds and beils crying;  
 The hare waits not, but flees for fear,  
 their hard pursuit defying:  
 But yet her strength it fails at length,  
 no bielding can she borrow,  
 At Hoggs, Clackmay, nor Sorlesfield,  
 but longs to be at Yarow.  
 For Rockwood, Ringwood, Reva, Almer,  
 still thinking for to see her,  
 But O! no cunning can she  
 O'r dub and dike, o'r leugh and lyke,  
 she'll run the fields all thorow,  
 Yet end her days in Leader-haugh  
 and well to Yarow.  
 Thou Erskington and Coldon Knowes,  
 where Hume had once commanding;  
 And Dry-grange with thy milk-white ewes  
 'twixt Tweed and Leader standlog:  
 The birds that flees through Red-path tree  
 and Gladswood banks all thorow,  
 May chant and sing sweet Leader-haugh  
 and the bony banks of Yarow.  
 But Burns cannot his grief assuage,  
 while as his days endureth,  
 To see the changes of this age,  
 which day and time procureth:  
 For many a place stands in hard case,  
 where Burns were blyth beforrow,  
 With Humes that dwelt on Leader side,  
 and Scots that dwelt in Yarow.

## The Words of *Burns* The Viol.

**W**hat? Shall my Viol silent be,  
 or leave her wonted scolding?  
 But enote some sadder Elegie,  
 not sports and mirds deriding:  
 It must be said with lower strain,  
 then it was wont beforrow,  
 To sound the praise of Leader-haugh  
 and the bony banks of Yarow.  
 But floods hath overflown the banks,  
 the greenish Haughs disgracing,  
 And trees in woods grows thin in rank,  
 about the fields defacing:  
 For waters waxes, woods doth wind  
 more, if I could for sorrow,  
 In rural verse, I could rehearse,  
 of Leader-haugh and Yarow.  
 But sighs and sobs o'riets my breath,  
 sory saltish tears forth sending,  
 All things sublunary here on earth,  
 are subject to an ending:  
 So must my song, though somewhat long,  
 yet late at even and morrow,  
 I'll sing, and sing, sweet Leader-Haugh,  
 and the bony banks of Yarow.

FINIS.